THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 3, 1809.

Extract from the Letter of the Earl of Selkirk to Major Cartwright, on the Subject of Parliamentary Reform.

THE letter, in which you proposed to me to act as a steward at the approaching meeting of the friends of parliamentary reform, ought to have received an earlier answer; but I have not found it easy to command sufficient leisure to reply to it, in the manner which appeared to me due, both to the respectability of your character, and to the sentiments of esteem, which I know to have been entertained towards you by my father and brother. Sensible that in many important points there is a coincidence of opinion between us, while at the same time I feel it impossible to accede to your proposal, I wish to state at some length, the motives which influence me in that determination. To parliamentary reform my father and brother were, as you well know, zealous friends; and all my own early prepossessions were in favour of such a measure. I saw with abhorrence the ascendancy, which unprincipled and worthless characters often acquired through the influence of corruption. I lamented the public advantages so often sacrificed to the interest of individuals. I was struck with the glaring manner in which the practice of our constitution appeared to deviate from its theory; and I flattered myself, that if the representation of the people were put on a proper footing, these abuses would be eradicated; that if the representation were equalized—the right of suffrage extended—the duration of parliament shortened—bribery could scarcely be applied with effect; that the influence of corruption being thus removed, the real friends of the country would obtain the

preference naturally due to worth and talents; and that, the house of commons being so composed, every abuse would speedily be checked or thoroughly reformed.

Such, Sir, were the views upon which I was led to approve the proposal of a great and radical change in the constitution of the house of commons. I believe that, through a similar train of reasoning, my father and brother had been led, as well as many other men of distinguished worth, to the same opinions. Of the correctness of this practical conclusion, I have since seen reason to doubt; not that my feelings of abhorrence and contempt for corruption and venality have undergone any change; in these sentiments I do not fall short of those honoured relatives, with whose opinions you were well acquainted; but I have had an opportunity, which they never had, of seeing the practical application of those principles, from which we expected consequences so beneficial. With grief and mortification I perceived that no such advantages had resulted, as from theory I had been led to anticipate.

I allude to the observations which I had occasion to make in the United States of America, where a system of representation is established, approaching as nearly as perhaps is practicable to the theoretical perfection at which you aim; and where that system is combined with a general diffusion of property, of itself calculated to check, in a great degree, the force of corruption. A very short acquaintance with the legislative proceedings of America may afford conviction, that universal suffrage and frequency of election prove no bar to the misconduct of representatives; and that a political adventurer, raised to power by popular favour, is fully as likely to abuse that power, as in the purchase of a rotten borough.

There is no ground for the idea, that in that country public affairs are managed with a higher regard to the public welfare than in our own. The parliament of England, with all its corruptions, cannot be accused of proceedings approaching, in disgrace, to the infamous and bare-faced jobs, which have been transacted in many of the legislatures of America. It is evident to the most careless observation, that the state of public morals is there worse than in England; that political integrity is less respected; that corrupt motives have not the same degree of check from feelings of honour as they have among Englishmen. To sum up all, there is no room for comparison between the two countries in that great test of a good government, the administration of justice.

When I consider that a country thus deficient in the most essential points of practical good government, has a constitution framed upon the very principles, to which the advocates of parliamentary reform look, as the foundation of every prospect of amendment in our own, I cannot avoid the conclusion

that

that these principles are fallacious. The reasonings which have occurred to me, as to the source of the fallacy, would lead me into too great length; but I think the observations to which I have already referred, sufficiently justify the opinion that parliamentary reform in England would not have the effects which its most sincere and zealous friends anticipate.

Fully as I am impressed with the opinion that parliamentary reform is not the road to any practical public benefit, I am very far from thinking that there is nothing which requires reform in our government. I am well convinced, that there are many corruptions of the most pernicious tendency, which may and ought to be eradicated. But we have to consider, how that object is to be effected, without endangering benefits of still greater importance.

The advocates of a radical and entire reform have not, perhaps, fairly considered the extreme difficulty of guarding every avenue to abuse, and how often the measures which are taken for repressing it in one quarter, serve only to open for it some new channel still more pernicious. We have a government in which, with all its corruptions, there is much essentially good; though particular cases of hardships may undoubtedly be quoted, yet it would not be easy to find either in the past or present state of the world, a parallel to the great mass of public happiness, which has grown up in England, under those institutions of which we complain. The protection which our government affords to the personal liberty of the subject, the purity of the distribution of justice, and the security, in which every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry, are surpassed in no country in the world: hardly can we find one that bears the least comparison to our own. Let the value of that which we possess be fairly appreciated; and then let us consider coolly, whether the blemishes of our government are of such magnitude, as to warrant the application of remedies, which, if they do not cure, may kill.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, WESTMINSTER, JUNE 22.

Sittings at Nisi Prius, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

COLLINS *v.* PHILLIPS AND SMITH.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff, proprietor of a glass warehouse, against the sheriffs of London, for unlawfuly seizing and detaining his property, consisting of certain

articles of glass, to the amount of 769l. together with a vase, of the value of 516l.

The case was stated by Mr. Serjeant Best. He said, that the articles for the seizure of which his client had instituted the present action, could be proved to be his own. The sheriffs of London had seized them in his shop, as the property of the duke of Sussex, whereas, the fact was, that they had been hired by his royal highness for a single day, at an entertainment he had given in Kensington-palace. If this could be proved to the satisfaction of the court, he (Serjeant Best) had no doubt of a favourable verdict; he would therefore proceed to the proof.

Two persons in the plaintiff's employment deposed, that they had conveyed the glass to Kensington-palace; that it was in their charge, as the property of Mr. Collins; that they had the possession of it, except at dinner, and that they afterwards conveyed it back to its owner again.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell (for the defendant) stated, that the question certainly was, whether the articles in question were the property of the duke of Sussex or of the plaintiff? If they belonged to the duke of Sussex, his client was justified in the seizure, his royal highness being indebted to him to a very considerable amount. The circumstance which gave rise to the seizure was an account which his client had received of an entertainment given by his royal highness, at Kensington-palace, which was distinguished by a most brilliant service of glass. He thought that by seizing upon this glass, he would reduce, in some measure, the debt of near 2000l. due to him from his royal highness. The learned counsel proceeded to contend, that this service of glass was the property of the duke of Sussex. It was ornamented in such a manner as made it only fit for nobility; it had been stated that it was borrowed for a particular occasion, but he could prove circumstances sufficient to convince them that it was a purchase, and not a loan. It could not be denied, that the glass was brought to Kensington. Two servants of Mr. Collins were stated to have attended it there, as their master's property; but if they had delivered it into his royal highness's possession for five minutes, it would be sufficient to support the prosecution; if there was a perfect delivery, but for one moment, the sending it back again would not do away the delivery, and consequently not defeat the action. The glass was taken to Kensington-palace, but it was returned again—why? not because it was a loan, but, because packing cases were necessary, and it was sent to have them provided. There was one strong circumstance, which he should notice, in conducting the prosecution; it was the withholding of a witness—a witness, in his opinion, most material, the shopman of Mr. Collins. It must, he thought, be in his power, if the defendant

defendant was wrong in seizing the articles as the property of the duke of Sussex, to defeat his case altogether, by proving them to be the property of his master. It was the duty of those who came into court, to produce all the witnesses who could elucidate the matter at issue; the suppression of evidence, therefore, in the present instance, was to be regarded with much jealousy, the evident conclusion being, that he, who knew most about it, would injure, instead of serving his employers.

There was another circumstance which he considered as having great weight. It would appear, upon referring to Mr. Collins's books, that, on the very day upon which the duke of Sussex gave the dinner, an entry of plate was made, as purchased by his royal highness; besides, his name was inscribed on the packing-cases. When all these circumstances were weighed, he was sure the jury would not hesitate to find a verdict for his client.

Chapman (the shopman of Mr. Collins) was called and examined; he recollected that a service was preparing for the duke of Sussex, but never delivered to him. Detached parts of it had been sent to Kensington, he believed, for the inspection of the queen, and returned again.

His royal highness the duke of Sussex was then examined. He knew Collins; he had purchased some glass from him; a service was sent to Kensington-palace, for a dinner which he gave; it was hired for the day; part of the glass which he had purchased, might have been amongst it; he did not know, but certainly the glass exhibited at his entertainment was not purchased, it was only hired for the day, an inconvenience he was subjected to by having no establishment.

Sir James Mansfield.—There is an end of your case Brother Cockell; the entry in the ledger proves nothing; you must return the articles, and refer it to some gentleman to say what additional compensation shall be made. Take a verdict for the plaintiff, subject to the award.

Verdict for the plaintiff for the amount of the damages in the declaration, subject to the award.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MEMOIR *of* MR. DREW, *of* ST. AUSTELL.

[From Polwhele's Literary History of Cornwall, p. 199, 200.]

TO my surprise you have requested me to draw up a memoir of myself; but for any man to write a narrative of himself

himself is, perhaps, a task of no common difficulty. To avoid the imputation of partiality and affectation, to be minute without being tedious, and particular without being dull, requires a pen which has been refined by education, and accustomed to those walks where common footsteps but rarely tread. To be sparing in incident creates an appetite which the narrative does not gratify, and to descend to trifles rather cloys than satisfies. You have, therefore, imposed a task upon me, which I feel difficult to accomplish, and my mind hangs suspended between the variety of compliance and the ingratitude of a refusal; I beg therefore that you will permit this little apology to operate in my behalf, while I attempt to comply with the request of Mr. Polwhele. My life affords but little variety, and, therefore, can excite but little interest, and such must always be the short and simple annals of the poor.

I was born on the 3d of March, 1765, in an obscure cottage in the parish of St. Austell, about a mile and half distant from the town. My father was a common labourer, and had, through mere dint of manual labour, to provide for himself, a wife, and four children, of whom I was the second. One child died in its infancy; and, at the age of five years, I had the misfortune to lose my mother. Surrounded by poverty, and familiar with distress, it was not in my father's power to give me an education, though neither himself nor my mother, when living, were insensible of its value.

At an early age I was put to a little reading school, at one penny per week, where I soon learnt my letters, and but little more; this was all the education which I ever received. At the age of about six I was taken off from school and put to work, where, I well remember, I earned two-pence per day, in which sphere I continued about three years, when my father removing to another parish, found it necessary to put me an apprentice. My employment previous to this was at the mills, at which the tinners refine their tin. My father, being exceedingly poor, felt much embarrassment in finding a premium to give my master, with whom, at the age of ten years and an half, I was bound an apprentice for nine years, which length of time, together with four pounds four shillings, was considered by my master as a suitable bargain.

It was at this tender age that I bid adieu to my father's habitation, and, as a place of residence, have never entered it since. The little knowledge of writing, which I had acquired from my father, was almost entirely lost during my apprenticeship. I had, however, an opportunity, at intervals, of perusing Goadby's Weekly Entertainer, and used to puzzle my little head about riddles and enigmas, and felt much pleasure in perusing the anecdotes which were occasionally interspersed through the pages. In this state of affairs things went indifferently

ferently on until I left my master; and being now discharged from servitude, I had to grapple with the tide on my own account, and found my freedom far less welcome than my chains.

For the space of about four or five years I travelled through different parts of Cornwall, working wherever I could obtain employment; and, during this period, waded through scenes of domestic distress, which can be interesting only to myself. I was now arrived at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five, scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense. An opportunity, however, now offering me an advance of wages in St. Austell, I embraced it, and came hither to work with rather an eccentric character.

My master was by trade a saddler, had acquired some knowledge of book-binding, and hired me to carry on the shoemaking for him. My master was one of those men who will live any where, but get rich no where. His shop was frequented by persons of a more respectable class than those with whom I had previously associated, and various topics became alternately the subjects of conversation; I listened with all that attention which my labour and good manners would permit me, and obtained among them some little knowledge.

About this time disputes ran high in St. Austell between the calvinists and arminians, and our shop afforded a considerable scene of action. My master was Hudibras, and I was Ralph. In cases of uncertain issue, I was sometimes appealed to, to decide upon a doubtful point. This, perhaps, flattering my vanity, became a new stimulus to action. I listened with attention, examined dictionaries, picked up many words, and, from an attachment which I felt to books, which were occasionally brought to his shop to bind, I began to have some view of the various theories with which they abounded. The more, however, I read, the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt of my own ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it; and every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or another. Having, however, to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but small, and to overcome this disadvantage, my usual method was to take a book while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages; and although the providence of God has raised me above the dint of application to manual labour, where I could barely earn enough to make life struggle, yet it is became so habitual, that the custom has not forsaken me to this present moment.

After having worked with this master about three years, I well recollect, a neighbouring gentleman brought Locke's Essays on the Human Understanding to be bound. I had never seen or heard of these books before. I took an occasion to look into them, when I thought this mode of reasoning very pretty, and his arguments exceedingly strong, and concluded, that whatever disputable point could not be determined by this mode of arguing must be finally decisive. I watched all opportunities of reading for myself, and would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have had the books; I had no conception that they could then be obtained for money. The books, however, were soon carried away, and with them all my future improvement by their means. The close and decisive manner of Mr. Locke's reasoning made on my mind an impression too deep to be easily effaced; and though I never saw his Essay again for many years, yet the early impression was not forgotten, and it is from this accidental circumstance that I received my first bias for abstruse subjects.

My master growing inattentive to his shoe-making trade, many of my friends advised me to commence business for myself, and offered me money for that purpose. I accepted the offer, started accordingly, and, by mere dint of application, in about one year, discharged my debts, and stood alone. My leisure hours I now employed in reading or scribbling any thing which happened to pass my mind. My first attempt at writing was a Morning Excursion, in prose; my second, was Reflections on St. Austell Church-yard, in verse. Neither of these was ever published, nor designed for it, nor is either worthy.

In this state, things went on until 1793, when I laid the foundation of my present Essay. I had long before this imagined that the immortality of the soul admitted of more rational proof than I had ever seen; I therefore perused books such as I could obtain, but disappointment was the recompence of my exertions. I therefore made notes on such thoughts as occurred, merely for my own satisfaction, without any design whatever of publishing them to the world. While this Essay was in its infant state, a young gentleman put into my hands the first part of Paine's Age of Reason, thinking his arguments unanswerable, and designing, by that book, as he has since informed me, to bring me over to the principles of infidelity. I had, however, obtained a sufficiency of knowledge of men and things to detect the fallacy of his arguments, and committing my sentiments to writing, I afterwards ventured to publish them to the world. This was in 1799, and was the first thing I ever presumed to publish. This pamphlet was favourably received, and through this pamphlet I obtained an ac-

quaintance with the Rev. John Whitaker. After this I published some occasional pieces, which were received in a very flattering manner.

The present Essay, which I observed was begun in 1798, went on but slowly indeed. Sometimes I should not touch it for three months together, and entirely abandoned the design of ever completing it; and at other times should add a thought or two on any vagrant piece of paper that was at hand.

One day, being in company with Mr. Whitaker, I asked him whether he had any book written avowedly on that subject? And, after answering in the negative, enquired my reason for asking him that question. I told him. And, after having enquired my manner, the outlines of my design, the nature of my argument, &c. &c. he advised me to proceed, after promising me (at my request) to examine the manuscripts when completed, and to give me his impartial opinion on my sheets. Stimulated with this encouragement, I returned home, and began to prosecute my work with unremitting diligence. I revised my old papers, and committed many of them to the flames, and laid the plan of my work as it has since appeared to the world. After having completed it, I presented it to Mr. Whitaker, who strongly recommended it to the world. It was accordingly published in November, 1802; it has met with a very favourable reception in a local sphere; but its fate with the world at large remains yet to be decided.

During these literary pursuits I regularly and constantly attended on my business, and do not recollect that even one customer has been disappointed by me through these means. My mode of writing and study may have in them, perhaps, something peculiar. Immersed in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded; and while attending to my trade, I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument which I endeavour to note the prominent features of, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect through the day remains on any paper which I have at hand, 'till the business of the day is dispatched, and my shop shut up, when in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyse, in the evening, such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day. I have no study—I have no retirement—I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently when I review what I had previously written, endeavour to cultivate the "art to blot."

Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write. The public, however, have overlooked that diversity of style and manner which are inseparable from this motley cast of composition. I have been treated with more respect than my works deserve, by the en-

lightened inhabitants of Cornwall, who have given me credit for abilities which I am not conscious of possessing; and the claims which such favours have upon my gratitude, I hope, will never be forgotten by Samuel Drew.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES *of the late* COUNTESS *of* BATH.

HER ladyship had many peculiarities and eccentricities which, when they were the subjects of conversation, were not lessened by those who reported them, nor mitigated by any gentleness of terms in those who heard them. She associated very little with persons of her own rank, so that among them she had but few advocates. There was certainly something in her education peculiarly unsuitable to her rank, at least in its minor parts.

By the early death of her mother, she was left almost entirely to the superintendance of her father, who, though he was allowed to possess good, if not superior abilities, and sound judgment, had a reserve and sternness in his character which did not qualify him for the education of a young lady. Some of her peculiarities were probably derived from this source, as there was a shyness and reserve in her manner which made it difficult to be on terms of freedom with her; and she had no opportunity of acquiring what are called the ornamental parts of education. Nor was her manner altogether suitable to her rank, not being embellished with those interesting and engaging qualities which are seen and felt by every one who has an opportunity of conversing with persons of distinction, in whom good sense is happily blended with polished manners. She gained, however, much useful knowledge, and in those affairs which may be called business, she was considered as expert, and was certainly persevering when she did apply to them. Perhaps those who attended her, unwilling to run the risk of offending, studied more to please and to indulge than to instruct her, and in early life she was left much to her own will. It is true, that some who were placed about her were both capable and desirous of doing their duty, but unfortunately this was not 'till her habits had taken too deep root to be altered.

Of her peculiarities she was herself very sensible, and more than once observed, that she believed people thought her very odd, and sometimes used a harsher term. In the dispensation of a portion of her large fortune, she shewed much judgment, and was careful not to be imposed upon by misrepresentations. Those who paid her attention, or from whom she received any service,

service, she rewarded with liberality. There never was occasion to use any thing like adulation with her, though she knew what was due to herself. Many were the occasions on which her benevolence was displayed, both in a pecuniary way, and when personal exertions, extremely disagreeable to her, were required. These objects of her kindness were not always blameless; but she would not desert them, 'till by a repetition of some offence they had forfeited her favour. She was truly religious herself, and never countenanced those who slighted or neglected the duties of religion. In a word, whatever disadvantages resulted from the errors of her education, were essentially corrected by her religious principles. To dress she never paid much attention, and was often censurably neglectful in that particular. Her conversation was unaffected, but sensible, and always perfectly correct.

The Right Hon. Henrietta Laura Pulteney, countess of Bath, Viscountess Pulteney, and baroness of Haydon, in her own right, was married in 1794 to Sir James Murray, now Sir James Pulteney, by whom she had no issue. Her ladyship died on the 14th of July, 1808. She has left to Sir James Pulteney the income, for his life, of all her personal property, amounting to near six hundred thousand pounds. After his decease this immense property is bequeathed to her cousin, who was the wife of the Rev. Mr. Markham, son to the late archbishop of York. That lady, the daughter of Sir Richard Sutton, was divorced some years ago from her husband, and lived, during several years, principally under Lady Bath's protection. The fortune is to descend to her children by Mr. Markham. Sir John Johnston, the earl of Darlington, and Sir R. Sutton, all inherit very considerable estates.

Her ladyship's remains were interred in the west cloisters of Westminster-Abbey, close to those of her father, the late Sir William Pulteney.

MARIAN LITLE:

A TALE.

[From Miss M. C. Squire's History of the Beggar and his Benefactor.]

ONE of the ancestors of Marian possessed a small inheritance at Mallow, in the county of Cork, in Ireland. He was of the profession of a soldier; and, on being ordered with his regiment to America, he deposited the writings of his farm in the hands of the squire, and, accompanied by his wife, joined his regiment at Cove. The detachment reached its destined

station; and on the plains of Abram it was Ensign Litle's fortune to be killed.

His wife returned soon after to Britain with the regiment, and the additional charge of an infant daughter. She soon obtained the opportunity to visit her native country; and, upon demanding re-possession of the writings of her farm, she gained only a refusal; the squire alleging they were forfeited to him for repairs, &c. done in their absence. As the poor soldier's wife could not obtain redress, she considered it wiser to dry up her tears, that she might be better enabled to think of the provision she could make to subsist herself and child. A family, which was about that time removing into Scotland, offered the widow a passage in the vessel that was to convey them. She joyfully accepted their kindness; and with her daughter became incorporated in the household of her new friends. By that means she was enabled to give her child an education; that is, to pay for her learning to read and write.

Provisions being very cheap, and her friends continuing to testify their beneficence towards her, she was soon supplied with an ample wardrobe; and her great pride accomplished, in seeing her daughter well cloathed and well fed.

The widow's daughter's was named Marian, and universally beloved in the family of her benefactor; and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot perceiving her great fondness and capacity for learning, were desirous that she should reap equal benefit with their own children, from the tutors who attended daily to instruct them.

Mrs. Litle being thus freed from every care respecting her daughter's happiness, which she now thought ensured beyond the possibility of reverse, ceased to think of the farm at Mallow, of her writings, or the squire who held them by forcible tenure.

Marian was about sixteen years of age, when her felicity was first interrupted by the death of her mother. That event was also a source of regret to her worthy benefactors; who made Mrs. Litle, in her last moments, happy, by a promise to take on themselves the charge of Marian's future fortune. But Mr. Wilmot, like too many in the world, neglected the essential duty of making a will: and, about six months after the decease of her mother, Marian's grief was renewed by his loss; as Mr. Wilmot was unfortunately thrown from his horse, and received such material injury, that his death ensued, after lingering in insensibility three days.

Marian was now obliged to rouse herself; and, in return for their past kindness, to become the comforter of the family; the younger branches of which were, as well as herself, unprovided for, except on the demise of Mrs. Wilmot; whose jointure was to be equally divided amongst them.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wilmot was an active and amiable woman, and never suffered her good propensities to lie dormant. When her grief, therefore, for the loss of her husband was somewhat subsided, she took the destitute case of Marian into consideration. It was plain that, in the event of her decease, she could not bequeath Marian Litle as a legacy to her daughters, whose small pittance would scarcely furnish them an independent support: neither could a handsome female dependent be, with strict propriety, entailed on her son; whose wife might not relish such a family appendage. Mrs. Wilmot therefore nicely judged, that, out of an income which during her life she had the sole disposal of, a few pounds per annum would not be missed, in securing a small provision for her protegée. She accordingly insured her life for a thousand pounds, which she devised to Marian Litle, by a legal instrument made in her favour.

John Wilmot, the second son, was in the army. He was ever particularly attached to Marian, and, on being obliged to join his regiment, it was with Marian he most lamented to part. Their mutual faith was pledged in a favourite grove of laburnums, whose golden honours, waving over their heads, seemed to promise to these young visionaries, a presage of future good fortune. Vows of fidelity were mutually exacted; little tokens of affection exchanged, and a mode of correspondence settled.

The parting was made, with heart-breaking sighs from John, and showers of tears from all the females.

Poor Marian, who was almost blind with weeping, could not for many days settle herself to pursue her accustomed employments. Here was a fresh break in her felicity unlooked for, unprepared for. She knew that old people would die; but had forgotten to take into her account of calamities, the heavy one of separating from a friend, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and for whom her heart beat responsively. This woeful event had taken place, and Marian's repose seemed destroyed for ever!

The expedition, to which John Wilmot's regiment was attached, was to rendezvous at Cove; and from thence his family heard from him often. In high health, and of ardent spirits, he scarcely felt the want of those comforts he had hitherto been liberally supplied with by his tender parent; and wrote—"that, considering the shock he had sustained in parting from those dear relatives, whose happiness he so tenderly regarded, and whose welfare would be ever solicitously considered by him, a soldier's life possessed novelties, which could not fail to amuse. Here we are, my dear mother, encamped on Spike Island, suffering a foretaste of the hardships we shall encounter in the western world. We are deprived of the common necessaries of life; not even a drop of water to quench our thirst;

or

or a tree to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather, does this spot afford: indeed, the only sign of cultivation here is a potatoe field. The men lay upon sea weed for five days, from the neglect to send them straw. Salt provision and water, black as coal, was their only sustenance for the same length of time. Nor are their superiors much better off; and nothing but the idea of a change soon taking place, which is inseparably interwoven with improvement in the human mind, could possibly make our present state bearable."

This account, from their beloved John, involved the whole family in consternation. Mrs. Wilmot and Marian were for his selling out immediately, and settling quietly in some civil profession: but Mr. Wilmot laughed them out of their fears: or at least of their readiness to express them.

Wilmot's letters to Marian breathed vows of continued love; and assurances of the conviction, that in no other part of the globe could there possibly exist so beautiful and deserving a maid as his Marian; or so faithful and fond a lover as himself. "My hand trembles, my dear Marian, when I think of the distance that will separate us; of the lovers who may assail you, with piteous tales of feigned passion, during my three years absence; (for 'tis so long, they tell me, we are destined to be parted.) Remember, therefore, that

> "To dread of foreign foes a stranger:
> Tho' the youth may dauntless roam;
> Alarming fears, paint every danger
> In a rival left at home."

The lovers continued to correspond for two years; when suddenly Marian ceased to hear from him, whose plighted faith had made her all of happiness! She wrote again and again, but no answer reached her: at length grief brought her to the verge of the grave.

The fact was this: John Wilmot, gay and volatile, had suffered himself to pay strict attention to a handsome creole, the only daughter of a wealthy planter at St. Kitt's, who had received him with hospitality; and encouraged him under the idea that he was securing his child's happiness, by planning her union with so promising a young man. He too late saw the rock on which he had wrecked her present peace.

John Wilmot's attention was, in his own eyes, but the common effusion of gratitude. The lady understood it otherwise. John put one meaning to his words, the lady another; until, at last, his silence on the subject of marriage was become so offensive to the father, that he took the opportunity to inform him, in plain terms, that his daughter should not be trifled with; and that he must either marry his girl, or fight him. The al-

ternative was dreadful; and, having acted wrong, in the first instance, he sought not renown, (from a justification, as it might be termed, of his innocency) in the blood of any but his country's enemy, so he made up his mind to the match; and received an ample sum as his wife's dower. As well as he could do, he glossed over the injustice he had committed, when he wrote to his mother; and begged her to unveil the mystery of his silence to Marian: but she considered it safer still to preserve the appearance of neglect; and smothered her own distress, in pity to Miss Litle; whose good constitution, assisted by Mrs. Wilmot's attentive cares, overcame the violent shock her lover's defection had caused her.

(To be continued.)

Copy of a Letter from Captain Thomas Brown, of the late Ship Lord Melville, to the Owners, giving an Account of the Loss of that Ship.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is with infinite regret I inform you of the melancholy loss of your ship Lord Melville; she was burned at sea on the 1st of April, in lat. 55, 67. and long. 26, 30. whether by accident or design, Heaven alone knows. At three P.M. while writing in the cabin, Mr. A. Hutchson, a passenger on board, called down, "the ship's on fire!" I instantly ran to the deck, and, to my utter astonishment, found it was the case; but, strange to relate, neither of the mates, nor any person on deck, could tell me where the fire was, or how it began. All hands were immediately employed in drawing water, and every attempt made to save the ship, but all our efforts were fruitless.

At four P.M. the fire began rapidly to increase. Our situation then was beyond description—fifty puncheons of rum below deck, and the magazine full of gunpowder. The latter we got emptied by one desperate effort, at the imminent risk of our lives. We then got the boats out for our future preservation.

At five P. M. we quitted the ship, just as we stood, when we could no longer remain by her. I was then informed, that Jacob Anderson, the boatswain, had gone below with a candle, while we were at dinner, into the forecastle, and had been drawing off rum, which no doubt has been the cause of this melancholy business. He fell a victim to it for his unpardonable conduct—we never saw him afterwards.

At six o'clock, both main and mizen-masts fell by the board, and she blew up—an awful scene, and a melancholy end to such

such a ship and cargo. Our situation then was beyond description; night coming on; twenty-six people in two small boats, fifteen in one and eleven in the other, and 650 miles from any land. To all human appearance, it was only the prolongation of a miserable existence; but the same good providence that assisted us in getting clear of the ship, aided us all along. We parted from the small boat on the 3d in the evening, and never saw her more. During the time we were in the boat, we were constantly wet with rain; the wind variable, and sometimes a heavy sea; and we had nothing to live upon but raw beef and water; biscuit we had none.

On the 5th, we fell in with the brig Sally, of Whitehaven, Captain Anthony Grayson, who took us on board, and whose humanity to us will for ever stamp him as a man of feeling for his fellow-creatures in distress.

I remain your obedient servant,

THOMAS BROWN.

P.S.—The letter-bag was saved, but damaged.

Names of the People saved in the Pinnace.

Thomas Brown, master; John White, second mate; George Edington, carpenter; William Spence, William Davidson, George Miller, James Urie, Robert Gray, Paul Johnston, Peter M'Kellar, Robert Brown, William Kennedy, David M'Connechy, and Henry Pattison, seamen; Mr. A. Hutchson, passenger from St. Vincent's.

Names of the People who were in the other Boat.

James Blair, mate; William Ramsay, gunner; Donald Cameron, steward; John Curry, cooper; Thomas Blair, cook; Duncan Taylor, William M'Fadyen, Thomas Turnbull, Robert M'Fadyen, and Robert Miller, seamen; Mr. James Boyd, passenger from St. Vincent's.

THOMAS BROWN.

Messrs. John Campbell, Sen. and Co. Glasgow.

CHARACTER *of the* VILLAGE PASTOR.

HE is a sweetner of the draught of life, thrown in by the hand of pity to render it palatable. Though he lives not so long as the ancient patriarch whom he copies, his family is as numerous—for he regards every parishioner as the child of his tenderness. The merit of orthodoxy he places in purity of morals, and talks of mystery only to mend the heart. He will not deem his stipend deficient, while he has a mite for the houseless; and envies a bishop his lawn sleeves, only because

they invest him with an amplitude of power to relieve the unfortunate.

The mildness of his aspect, and reverend dignity of his grey hairs, go more to awe the infidel than the strength of his arguments; and those who cannot agree with his opinions, sigh for the possession of a belief that lends so sweet a smile to the countenance.

He contends with the sectary, only as to the manner of living uprightly; and triumphs in the prosecution of a dispute by which both parties are gainers. He censures not the innocent recreations of the gay, and protests that he would join them in the pursuit—only life is so short that he has not time. He rejoices in the humiliation of the church of Rome, chiefly because it affords the protestant an opportunity of exhibiting his precedence in the walk of Christian mercy, by opening his arms to the degraded.

Die when he will he has lived long enough for the purpose of virtue; but whenever his last day comes, it will be too soon in the esteem of those around him; and the seeds of goodness he has spread shall flourish, when the stone that covers his remains is decayed and forgotten.

A VOWESS.

A Vowess, the widow of Robert Large, a former mayor of London, had taken the mantle and ring, and the vow to live chaste to God for the term of her life: but in 1444 remarrying to John Gedney, draper, and twice lord mayor, they were both troubled by the church, and forced to do penance for it. (See Strype's Edition of Stowe's Survey, vol. i. lib. ii. p. 123.)

The history of the vowess may, perhaps, be best illustrated by a reference to Saint-Foix's Historical Essays upon Paris. In France those were called vowesses or recluses, whether maids or widows, who built themselves a little chamber joining to the wall of some church. The ceremony of their seclusion was performed with great pomp, the church was hung with tapestry, the bishop celebrated mass pontifically, preached, and afterwards went himself to seal the door of the little chamber, after having copiously sprinkled it with holy water. There remained nothing but a little window, through which the pious solitary heard the offices of the church, and received the necessaries of life.

If we attend to the unadulterated doctrines of Jesus Christ, they will teach us, that one act of real benevolence is more acceptable to God than any superstitious observances, which are of no real utility either to religion or to human beings.

Answer, by J. French, at Evershot School, to R. Loosemore's Rebus, inserted May 1.

BEFORE, dear Sir, I learn a trade,
'Tis fit a COVENANT be made.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, H. B. and J. Binning, of Bridgewater; S. Tucker, of Bugford; H. Richards, jun. of Exmouth; W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; J. W. of Charmouth; J. C. Jun. J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; William Kent, near Camelford; J. Ball, at Evershot school; J. Pitman, of Shepton Mallet; G. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; T. Hawken, of Camelford; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, Honiton, to W. Champion's Charade, inserted May 8.

OBSERVE yon peasant, with the sweaty brow,
INDUSTRY spurs him, and he spurs the plough:
It finds himself, his wife, and children bread,
And keeps pale want far distant from his shed.

†*† We have received the like answer from H. Richards, junior, of Exmouth; J. C. of Ottery; H. B. of Bridgewater; S. Tucker, of Bugford; and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton.

A CHARADE, *by R. S Paget, of Exmouth.*

MY first conveys the belles and beaux
Thro' Dublin's famous city;
My next a peevish temper shows,
Which is not very pretty:
These parts unite, you'll find my whole,
Which keeps your feet secure from cold.

A REBUS, *by W. Kent, near Camelford.*

DETESTED whole! ne'er may it rest
Within the center of man's breast;
But take it, and cut off his head,
Then you've a female's name in stead;
Behead again, then you will find
What's troublesome unto mankind:
Behead once more, then you'll explain,
What oft is seen in winter's reign.

A CHARADE, *by H. Ellis, of Exeter.*

WHEN I my fair Eliza's beauties view,
My first, which is my second, I survey,
Which yields more lustre than the sparkling dew,
When ting'd by orient Sol's effulgent ray.
Yet still more lovely do her charms appear
When she, alive to gentle pity's voice,
Pours forth the silent, unaffected tear,
And bids the wretched and distress'd rejoice.

Go search, ye youths, amid fair nature's store,
And by these lines an herb you'll soon explore.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MORNING SCENE FROM A MOUNTAIN.

HOW noble the scene is! how grand and surprizing!
In the morning to climb yon high mountain's mild brow;
To view the bright sun o'er the horizon rising,
Dispersing the mists in the valley below.

To hear the sweet lark as in ether its singing,
Its orisons pure to the bright orb of day,
To inhale the fresh breeze as sweet odours its bringing,
From yonder gay meadows of newly-mown hay.

And while that we view beasts and birds all in motion,
And flowers and herbs springing up from the sod,
Oh may we all feel in our hearts true devotion!
And thro' nature's works may still view nature's God!

Exeter. J. TREADWIN.

"SONG.—"THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND."

Written by T. CAMPBELL, *Esq.*

YE mariners of England,
Who guard our native seas;
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze:
Your glorious standard launch again,
To meet another foe.
As you sweep, thro' the deep,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep,
With thunder from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar, on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
'Till danger's troubled night be past,
And the star of peace return;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame, of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow,

Thoughts on viewing the Burying-Place allotted to a Suicide.

[From Woodley's Poems.]

WHILST, pensive, on the horrid act I muse,
Methinks each object that surrounds me, wears
A deeper vesture of solemnity.
A darker tint has overspread the sky,
And sheds reflected horror on the earth!
'Tis midnight. Universal silence reigns!
All nature in such heavy slumber lies
As tho' 'twould 'wake no more. No sound is heard
Thro' all the ample landscape. Not a leaf,
Descending slowly on the drowsy air,
Attracts th' attention of the eye or ear.
The nightingale hath ceas'd her mellow note,
And sinks into the general repose.
So great the stillness, that, against my side,
Plainly I hear my bosom's tenant beat,
In due and measur'd pace, the march of time!
Whilst all creation else is wrapt in sleep,
I only, at this dread, this solemn hour,
Remain awake, and fondly linger here;
And greater pleasure, more refin'd delight,
More chasten'd joy, regales my happy soul,
As greater horror wraps the dreary scene!

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

[From "The Friend," a periodical Work, by Mr. S. T. Coleridge.]

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of fame;
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage:
For Oh! dear child of thoughtful truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the stedfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose, and scar'd me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine!
Thy spirit rests. Satiety
And sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tir'd worlding. Idle hope
And dire remembrance interlope,
And vex the fev'rish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind!

But me thy gentle hand will lead,
At morning, thro' the accustom'd mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of autumn crowds,
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate my whole!
And while, within myself, I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof, with hermit eye, I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!